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(*1:00-1:30*)
TIME

(*January 11, 1944*)
DATE

(*Tuesday*)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers."

MUSIC: Quartet: Ranger's Song

ANNOUNCER: Wildlife is one of the important and valuable resources of our National Forests. For this reason Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers in nearly every National Forest have in operation a program for game management. Here protection is no more adequate to the development of wildlife than it is to the achievement of sustained yield forestry. With the cooperation of Biological Survey experts, rangers investigate the habits of animals, determining the kinds of food they eat, what their natural enemies are, the diseases that affect them and many other important details. The analysis of this research permits the establishment of conditions for game which are as near perfect as it is possible to obtain. The chief objective of wildlife management on the National Forests is to realize the maximum recreational and economic results of a permanent and continuing supply of game consonant with the best interests of each individual Forest.

We tune in at the Pine Cone National Forest, today, to find Ranger Jim Robbins and his assistant, Jerry Quirk, in Andy Goodman's General Store, in Winding Creek. They are getting out on a two day trip into the back country and Jim is getting together the necessary supplies.

(EFFECT) (FADE IN VOICES IN BACKGROUND)

ANDY: (FADE IN) Homer's gettin' up your order of grub right now, Jim.

JIM: All right, Andy.

(CALLING) Homer! Have you got Jim's order up now?

(OFF MIKE) Just in a minute I have.

ANDY: He says "Just in a minute."

JERRY: Think that'll be enough grub to last us for two days, Jim? It doesn't look like much.

JIM: I think so, Jerry.

ANDY: Anything more you want?

JIM: Let me see. --Oh, yes--Gimme a can of condensed cream. Gotta have cream for the coffee, even if we are gonna be eatin' pack rations.

JERRY: Sounds like y ou're gettin' to be a dude, Jim.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Maybe so, Jerry, but I like my coffee that way, dude or no dude.

ANDY: How many cans of cream'll you have Jim?

JIM: One'll do, Andy. Small size.

ANDY: Better take along an extra one. Always keeps, you know.

JIM: No, one'll be enough, Andy.

ANDY: Suit yourself. (CALLING) Homer! Put a can of condensed cream into Jim's order.

HOMER: (OFF) Okay, paw.

ANDY: Where ya headin' for, Jim?

JIM: Goin' up to that swampy stretch up there in Cobalt Valley. Gonna have a look at that deer yard.

ANDY: Same place we dumped them bales of hay, last year?

JIM: That's right.

JERRY: It was good of you fellas to donate that hay for feeding the deer, Andy.

ANDY: Glad to do it, young fella. I calculate we're the ones that profits most by it, what with business bein' so good durin' huntin' season, and all that.

JERRY: We're going to put out some salt for them and make observations on the forage conditions to see if we can't get away from artificial feeding.

ANDY: Sounds like a good idee to me.

JIM: I'm gonna step over and talk to Bill Thompson a minute, Andy. Let us know when the order's ready.

ANDY: You betcha, Jim.

JIM: (FADING) Yeah. Guess I will.

ANDY: Good morning, Mrs. Melcher. What can I do for you?

MRS. M: Oh, goodmorning! I want some white lacquer. Do you have any on hand?

ANDY: Yee, indeedy, we have. Ain't nothin' you can name we ain't got. And if we ain't got it we know where to git it. Here you are, Mrs. Melcher.

MRS. M: Is that white lacquer?

ANDY: Yes, ma'am. "Genuine" (brand) "Coca-Cola." "White," it is on the can.

MRS. M: I suppose it must be right then.

ANDY: Wouldn't he be surprised if it was. How many do you want?

MRS. M: Don't you have any smaller cans than that?

ANDY: Yes, ma'am. Here's the smallest can if it will serve that purpose.

MRS. M: I guess so.

ANDY: Save money by buying the large one, Mrs. Fletcher. I can always keep, you know.

MRS. M: I think the small one will do quite well, thank you.

ANDY: But please, ma'am. How much else?

MRS. M: I want a can of baking powder.

ANDY: Baking powder, ma'am.

MRS. M: One can of string beans.

ANDY: Yes.

MRS. M: And a dozen of your freshest eggs. They must be the freshest you have.

ANDY: Yes, ma'am.

MRS. M: You'll be sure that they're fresh.

ANDY: Yes, ma'am.

MRS. M: I don't want eggs that were brought in yesterday. I want today's eggs.

ANDY: Yes, ma'am.

MRS. M: You're sure you have fresh eggs.

ANDY: Ma'am-- the only eggs we got are fresh eggs. The hens just finished layin' 'em. Hear 'em cacklin' outside?

MRS. M: How nice. That's even better than I expected.

HOMER: (FADE IN) Here's Mr. Robbins order, Paw.

ANDY: Got everything, Homer?

HOMER: Yeah, I guess.

ANDY: Git that can of condensed cream?

HOMER: Uhuh. It's on top.

JERRY: (FADE IN) That order of grub ready, Andy?

ANDY: Here ye be, Ranger. All set and---

MRS. M: Oh, Mr. Quick, how nice to see you. Aren't you out awfully early in the morning?

JERRY: Hello, Mrs. Melcher. It isn't exactly early for us you see-----

MRS. M: Oh, I know, you're going for a trip into the mountains, aren't you?

JERRY: A trip into the---well---

MRS. M: I simply am dying to know where you're going. Couldn't you tell me?

JERRY: Sure. We're going up to Cobalt Valley for a couple of days.----

MRS. M: You're going to stay out in the woods over night?

JERRY: Well, yes, we had planned to.

MRS. M: But where? Where will you sleep? Where will you eat?

JERRY: Well, there's a guard cabin up there that's empty this time of year. We'll put up in that.

ANDY: And what are you going to be doing all that time you're in Cobalt Valley?

JERRY: We're going up there to check over a deer yard.

MRS. M: Oh, how lovely. I think that's simply thrilling. You must sit right down and tell us all about it. I'm sure Mr. Goodman wants to hear about the deer, don't you, Mr. Goodman?

ANDY: Huh? Yes.

JERRY: I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Melcher, but Jim's waiting for me to bring the grub, so I've gotta be going.

MRS. M: What a shame! And I was so-----

JERRY: Is this Jim's canned milk, Andy? I'll stick it in with the rest of the stuff.

ANDY: I think Homer put it-----

JERRY: Goodbye, Mrs. Melcher. (FADING) So long, Andy.

ANDY: So long, son.

MRS. M: He's such a nice boy, so polite-- You know, I think I'll take that other can of white lacquer you showed me, Mr. Goodman. The bigger one, I mean.

ANDY: Yes, indeedy. I'll put away the small one and git-- Homer, did you see that can of white lacquer I had here on the counter?

HOMER: Yes, Paw.

ANDY: What become of it?

HOMER: Mr. Quick took it.

ANDY: Mr. Quick?

HOMER: Uhuh. I guess he thought it was the can of condensed cream he ordered.

ANDY: But why didn't you tell him it was milk powder?

HOMER: He didn't ask me.

MRS. M: Oh precious, Mr. Goodman, you must stop him.

ANDY: Too late now, he's gone.

MRS. M: Oh, dear, they'll be killed if they put that powder in their coffee.

ANDY: M-m-m- I dunno about that, but it sure will make the coffee strong.

MUSIC (INTERLUDE)

EFFECT: (FADE CRACKLE OF FLAMES INTO BACKGROUND)

JIM: (PAUSE IN) Our guard sure left this cabin in good shape. Didn't he? Everything neat as a pin.

JERRY: Yeah, but I wish he'd left us something to light the place with.

JIM: Couldn't find a candle or a lantern anywhere?

JERRY: No. Fireplace doesn't give us much light, does it?

JIM: Nope. Your bacon about done?

JERRY: Better give it a few minutes more. Shucks, I'd have bought some candles at the store this morning if Mrs. Melcher hadn't been talkin' so much.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Once she gets started, there's not much you can do but listen.

JERRY: She asked a flock of questions and I told her we were coming up here to look at the deer yard, and that we were gonna spend the night in this cabin. But when she started up to say how and tell her all about the little deer, as I got out as fast as I could.

JIM: You didn't forget that banned cream top of coffee, did you?

JERRY: Your coffee? I oughta get some of it. I played through as much snow today as you did.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) I'll give it some thought.

JERRY: How deep did the snow average in the deer yard, anyway?

JIM: 'Bout two and a half feet, according to those tracks we put up with the scale on 'em.

JERRY: There isn't much wind in the swamp there to pile up the snow.

JIM: It's a good sheltered spot for the deer to feed.

JERRY: That's why they always pick out a swamp or a place that's good protection for them, isn't it, Jim?

JIM: I suppose. Gives 'em better protection and more browse to eat.

JERRY: Say, Jim, I see a good tree to use for a baiting station. It was standing all by itself on the side of the swamp.

JIM: That's not the kind of a place we want for a bait tree, Jerry.

JERRY: Why not?

JIM: If some of these hunters that come up here during the deer season found a salt lick out in the open, they'd stick around and take pot shots at the animals as they came along.

JERRY: That's darned poor sportsmanship.

JIM: It sure is, Jerry. But, of course, hunters like that are in the minority.

JERRY: Lucky they are. But listen, Jim, if we don't put the salt out in the open the deer can't find it so easily.

JIM: They'll find it all right. But we have to place the salting stations for the deer the same way we do for cattle.

JERRY: I see. You mean we want to keep the deer moving all the time, so they won't browse the forage too close and injure the trees and shrubs.

JIM: That's right. If we let 'em concentrate too much in one yarding area, there's danger of starvation, too. They have to get salt, so the best way is to put it in some spot, away from the yard, where the cover's dense enough to protect the deer.

JERRY: I see. But aren't we gonna have a lotta trouble with porcupines eating the salt, whether we leave it on the ground or in a tree?

JIM: Well, I see (sighs) maybe he could have some success
with logs. War a lot three or four feet long. And they
run from a good sized limb.

JERRY: You think that'll work?

JIM: It's been tried before and seemed to be pretty
successful. We can hang the logs up with about
three feet from the ground, and then all the birds
won't be so apt to get to the seed.

JERRY: Did anybody ever figure out how much salt it takes to
feed a deer for the winter?

JIM: Not that I know of. But it takes about a pound and a
half of salt for a sheep, double the grazing season. I
reckon that's as close as you could get to it.

JERRY: That sounds all ready.

JIM: By golly, so do I. Dump it on the old plate there. I'll
get the coffee.

JERRY: Gosh, I wish we had some light. It's darker'n the inside
of a wast' basket.

JIM: There's the coffee cups.

JERRY: Here they are.

JIM: M-m-m-that coffee smells good.

JERRY: Here's your condensed cream.

JIM: I've got one can. Did Andy put in two or less?

JERRY: I don't know. You told him one, I remember.

JIM: I'll punch a couple holes in it with my knife. (THUD OF HAMMERING--TWICE) Say, this can's got a few
 rangled lids. Tougher'n nails, huh? --(THUD, 10 P.M.)
 JERRY: (PAUSE) Hey, don't take it all. We gotta have some tea
 tomorrow.
 JIM: We got tea bags of cream now. Might as well use 'em up.
 Here you are.
 JERRY: Thanks.
 JIM: Nothin' like a good cup of coffee to warm you up inside,
 where you need it.
 JERRY: Yeah. Say, something smells funny--like kerosene oil, or
 something. Goggone, I wish we had more light.
 JIM: Yeah. Coffee smells funny -- Let's see if it tastes --
(SPUTTERING AND COUGHING) What in thunderation --
 JERRY: What was it, Jim? --
 JIM: (SPUTTERING) Tastes like stove polish or sheep dirt or
 something.
 JERRY: Let's see -- (SPUTTERS) Whew! Gosh! It's terrible!
 JIM: It's hot enough to take the hair off your head --(WATER)
 that canteen. Get some water.
 JERRY: Gosh, what d'yoh s'pose that storekeeper gave us?
 JIM: Here, take a drink of water. Rinse your mouth out with
 it.
 JERRY: What was it, Jim? What's in that can?
 JIM: Let's look. If we're gonna die, we might as well know
 what killed us.

JERRY: Here, can you see?

JIM: Hold it closer to the fire.

JERRY: What's it say on the label?

JIM: Hold it still. You're making it a leaf.

JERRY: Well, I'll be --- Look! --- "Genuine Chinese Lacquer --- White".

JERRY: Well, I'll be doggoned. How did that ever get in the pack?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, I was just saying there's nothing like a good cup of coffee to warm you up inside. That oughta warm you up all right.

JERRY: No thanks!

MUSIC: (FINALE)

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